SEE INSIDE FOR TWO GREAT NEW STORIES!

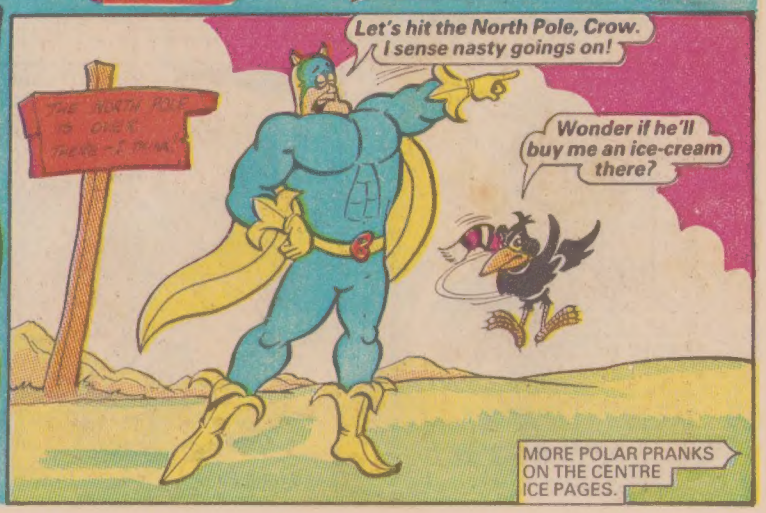
NUTTY

18P
I.R. 27p
(Inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 278 June. 8th, 1985

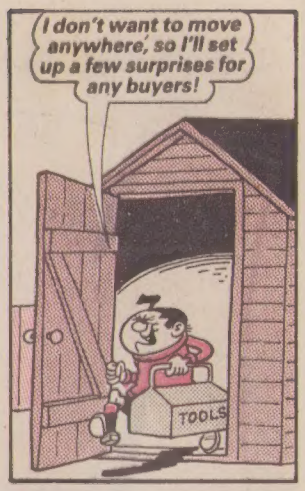
AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY LITTLE ERIC, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .

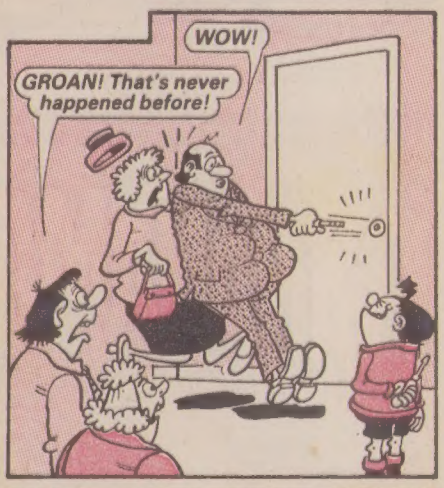
BANANAMAN

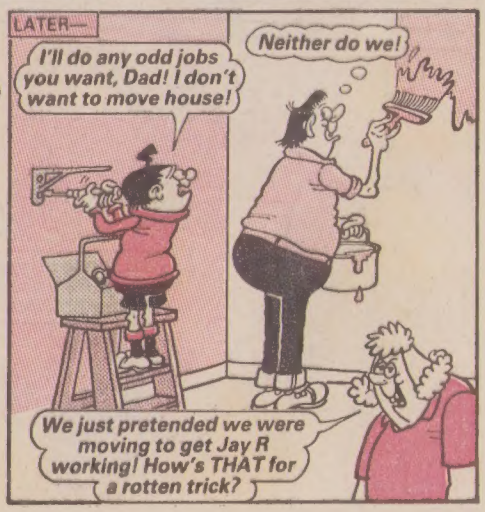

Let's hit the North Pole, Crow. I sense nasty goings on!
Wonder if he'll buy me an ice-cream there?
MORE POLAR PRANKS ON THE CENTRE ICE PAGES.

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!






LATER—
I'll do any odd jobs you want, Dad! I don't want to move house!
Neither do we!
We just pretended we were moving to get Jay R working! How's THAT for a rotten trick?

NTY.8.6.85

PETER Pest

How do you keep your hands so soft, Doris?
Easy, Mabel.

I get my brother to do all the work, that's how.
BOOT!

She'll be sorry for this, Readers. I'll get my own back!

KNOCK! KNOCK!
See who is at the door, Peter. My nail polish is drying.
Yes, Sis!

It's your boyfriend!
!
Tell him I'll be ready in two minutes.

Fetch my gloves—I left them in the bedroom. Quickly, now!
Yes, Miss, Sis!

DORIS'S ROOM..
Mmm-hmm!
MUD PACK

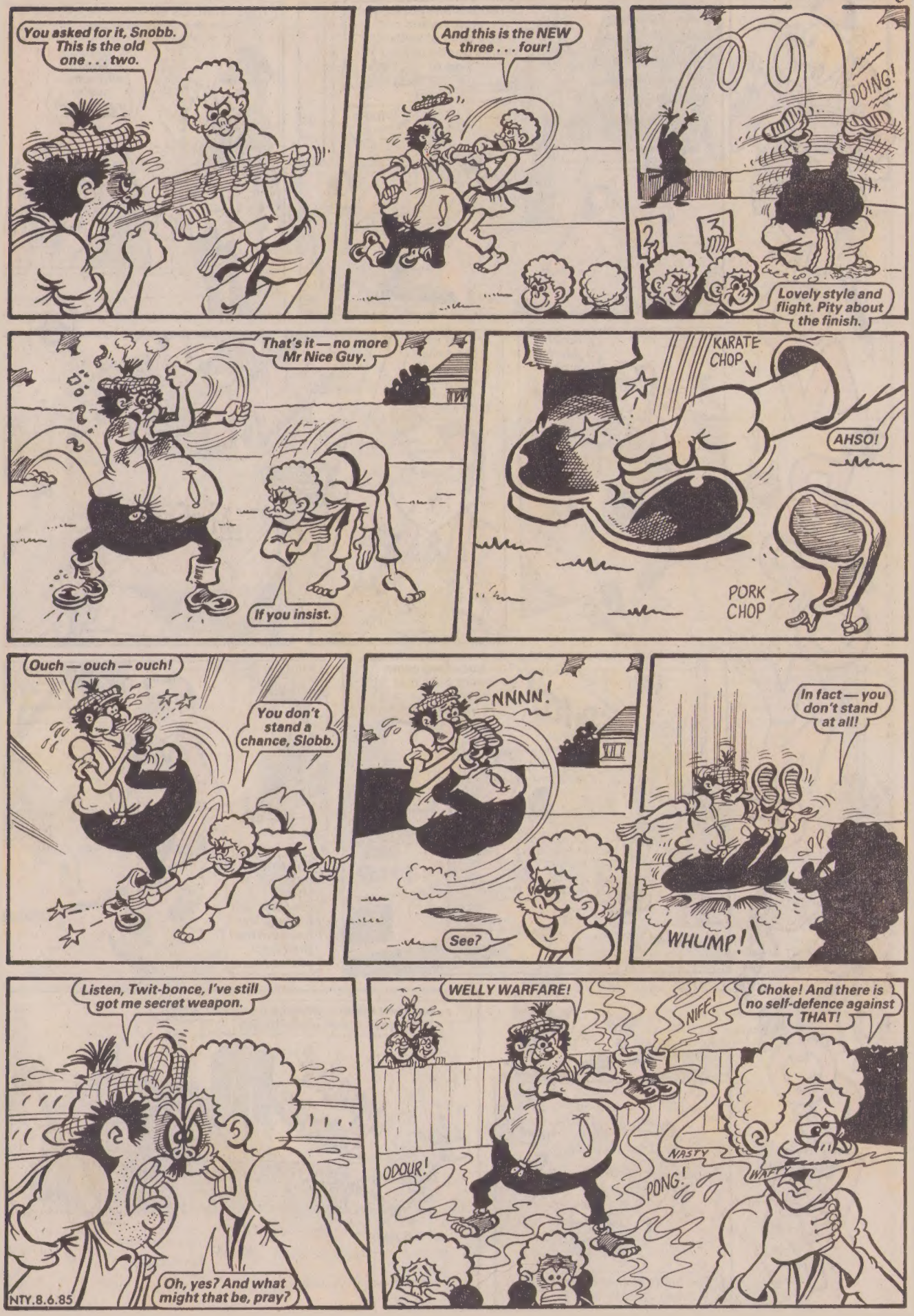
I'm not working for you anymore, Doris. But don't worry, your hands will stay soft.

?
OOO-YEUCK! What's this in my gloves?
SQUELCH!
Mud!
NTY.8.6.85

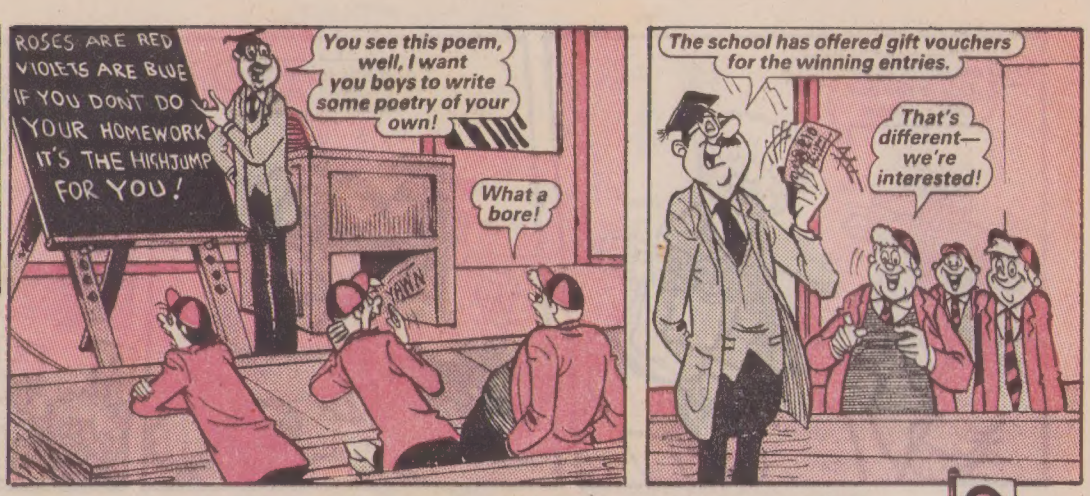
That mud pack makes your face soft so I'm sure it'll do the same for your hands.
Mutter! Dirty, low-down trick!

THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

Snooze — grunt — snooze — grunt — snooze — grunt — snooze.
AAIEEE!
Nyerk! Whassat?
Oi, what's your game? Prancin' around like a great jessie.
I am practising the martial arts to protect myself from scoundrels.
Getawayreally? I used to be pretty good at the noble art meself . . .
. . . Put 'em up!
Sigh!
Put me down! This ain't boxing!
Who said anything about boxing?
This is Ju-Jitsu!
This is flamin' murder!
I want me mum!
That is an aeroplane spin. Hope you know how to fly.
. . . Or better still — LAND!
CRUMP!
Th-That wasn't fair! Stand still and fight like a man.
Whah! Whah! Whah!
NTY.8.6.85


You asked for it, Snobb. This is the old one . . . two.
And this is the NEW three . . . four!
DOING!
Lovely style and flight. Pity about the finish.
That's it — no more Mr Nice Guy.
If you insist.
KARATE CHOP
AHSO!
PORK CHOP
Ouch — ouch — ouch!
You don't stand a chance, Slobb.
NNNN!
See?
In fact — you don't stand at all!
WHUMP!
Listen, Twit-bonce, I've still got me secret weapon.
Oh, yes? And what might that be, pray?
NTY.8.6.85
WELLY WARFARE!
NIFF!
Choke! And there is no self-defence against THAT!
NASTY
WAFT
ODOUR!
PONG!

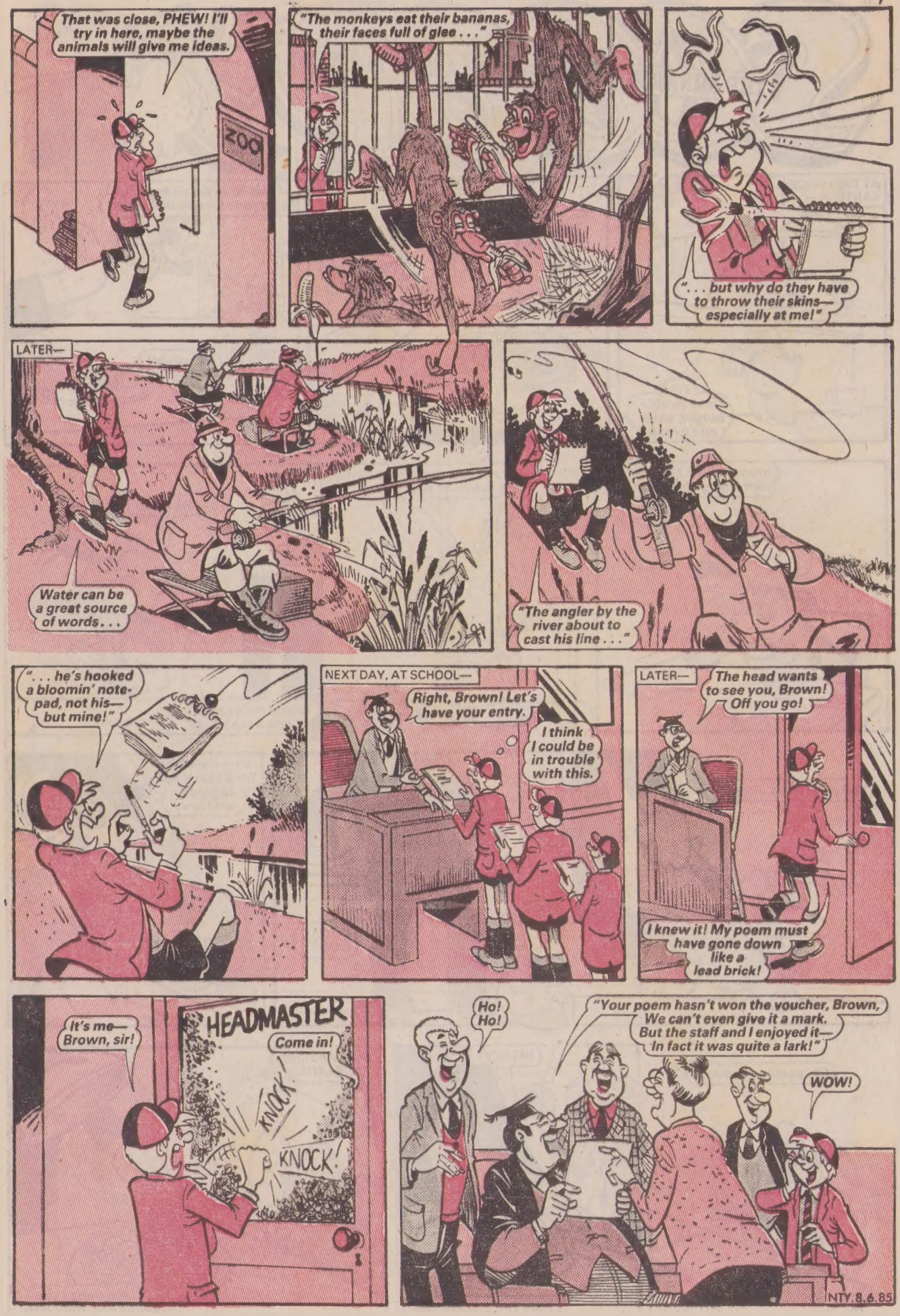
RON BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS


ROSES ARE RED VIOLETS ARE BLUE IF YOU DONT DO YOUR HOMEWORK IT'S THE HIGHJUMP FOR YOU!
You see this poem, well, I want you boys to write some poetry of your own!
What a bore!
The school has offered gift vouchers for the winning entries.
That's different— we're interested!

AND SO—
What can I write about . . ?
That's it! The town! The hustle and bustle of everyday life!
"I was standing at the bus stop by a berry bush . . ."

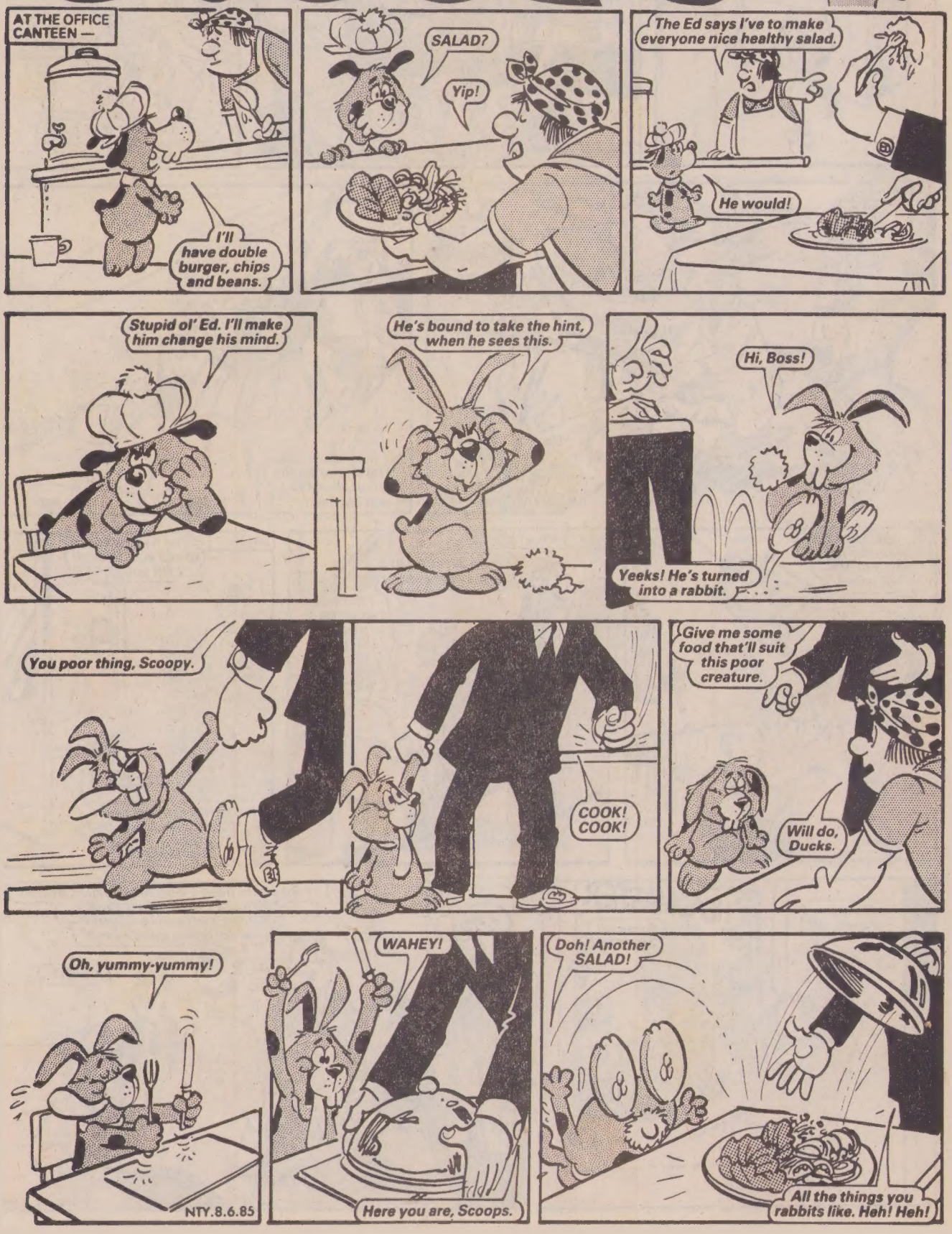
". . . but along came a cream cake that hit me in the mush!"
SPLAT!
DIRTY DICKSON (RON'S ENEMY)
Take that, Brown!
NUTTY FOR EVER
LATER—
PEACEFUL COUNTRY SIDE AHEAD
The town's too busy, I'll try the country. Many poets have written their best pieces there.

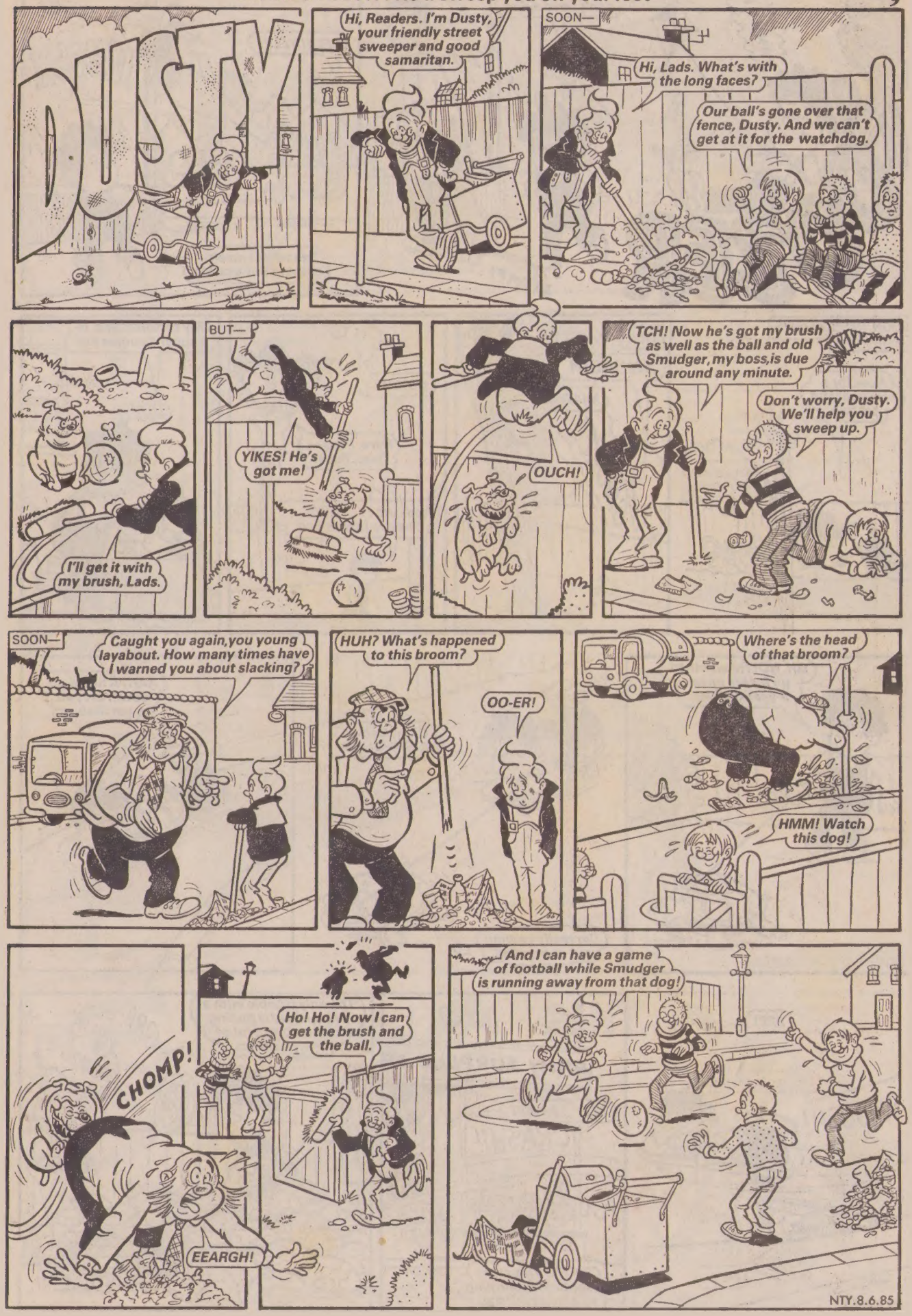
TRUNDLE
TRUNDLE
"The fields of corn were waving, it really was a sight . . ."
". . . but then I saw a combine harvester which gave me an awful fright!"
TRUNDLE! TRUNDLE!
NT. 8.6.85


That was close, PHEW! I'll try in here, maybe the animals will give me ideas.
ZOO
"The monkeys eat their bananas, their faces full of glee . . ."
". . . but why do they have to throw their skins— especially at me!"
LATER—
Water can be a great source of words . . .
"The angler by the river about to cast his line . . ."
". . . he's hooked a bloomin' notepad, not his— but mine!"
NEXT DAY, AT SCHOOL—
Right, Brown! Let's have your entry.
I think I could be in trouble with this.
LATER—
The head wants to see you, Brown! Off you go!
I knew it! My poem must have gone down like a lead brick!
It's me— Brown, sir!
HEADMASTER
Come in!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!
Ho! Ho!
"Your poem hasn't won the voucher, Brown, We can't even give it a mark. But the staff and I enjoyed it— In fact it was quite a lark!"
WOW!
NTY.8.6.85

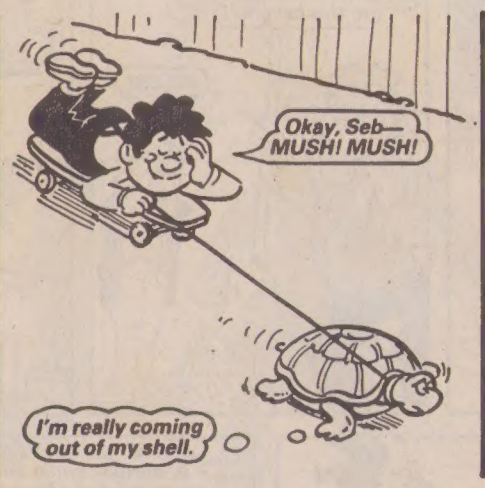
SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS


AT THE OFFICE CANTEEN —
I'll have double burger, chips and beans.
SALAD?
Yip!
The Ed says I've to make everyone nice healthy salad.
He would!
Stupid ol' Ed. I'll make him change his mind.
He's bound to take the hint, when he sees this.
Hi, Boss!
Yeeks! He's turned into a rabbit.
You poor thing, Scoopy.
COOK! COOK!
Give me some food that'll suit this poor creature.
Will do, Ducks.
Oh, yummy-yummy!
NTY.8.6.85
WAHEY!
Here you are, Scoops.
Doh! Another SALAD!
All the things you rabbits like. Heh! Heh!


DUSTY
Hi, Readers. I'm Dusty, your friendly street sweeper and good samaritan.
SOON—
Hi, Lads. What's with the long faces?
Our ball's gone over that fence, Dusty. And we can't get at it for the watchdog.
I'll get it with my brush, Lads.
BUT—
YIKES! He's got me!
OUCH!
TCH! Now he's got my brush as well as the ball and old Smudger, my boss, is due around any minute.
Don't worry, Dusty. We'll help you sweep up.
SOON—
Caught you again, you young layabout. How many times have I warned you about slacking?
HUH? What's happened to this broom?
OO-ER!
Where's the head of that broom?
HMM! Watch this dog!
CHOMP!
EEARGH!
Ho! Ho! Now I can get the brush and the ball.
And I can have a game of football while Smudger is running away from that dog!
NTY.8.6.85

SNOOZER



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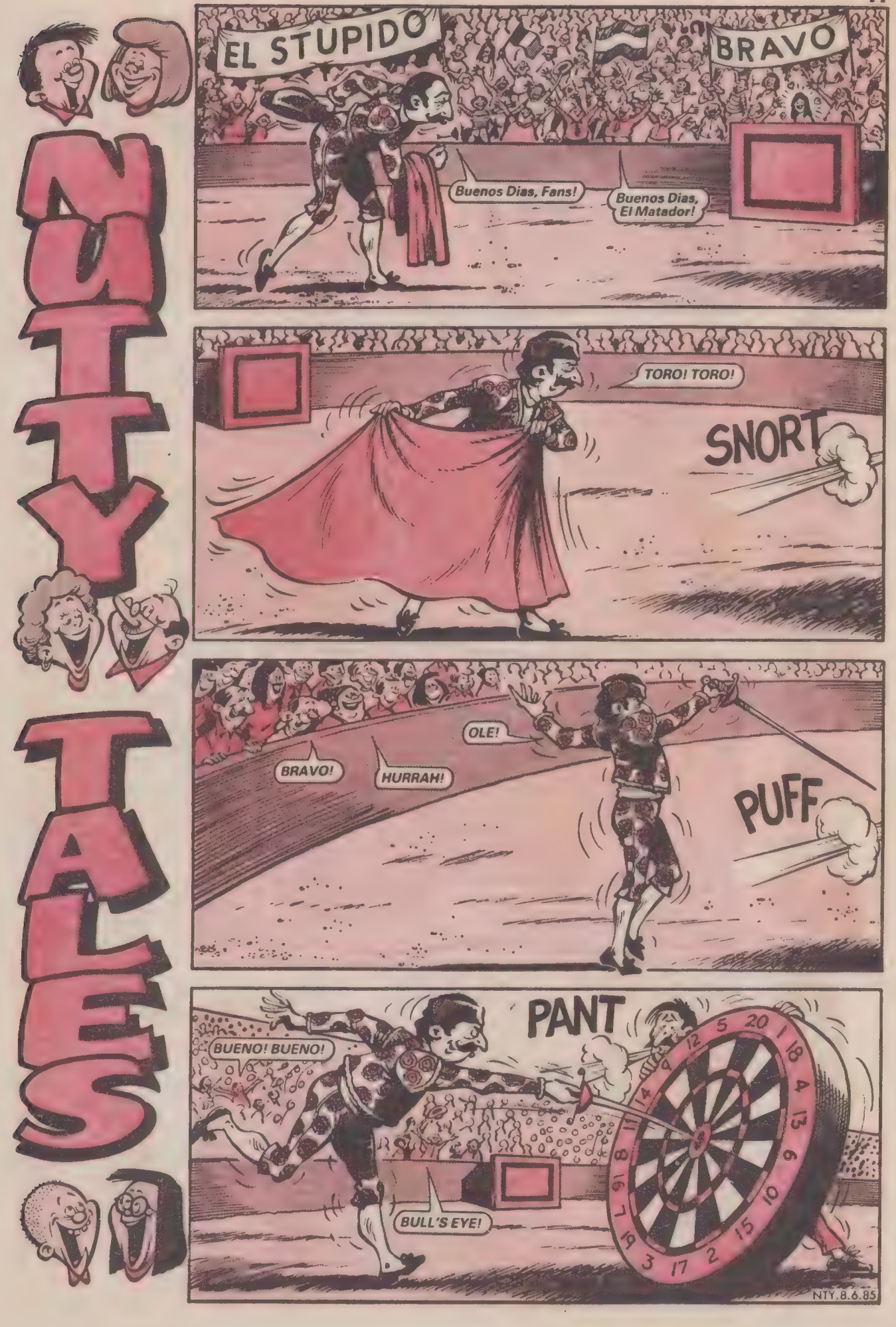

NUTTY TALES
EL STUPIDO
BRAVO
Buenos Dias, Fans!
Buenos Dias, El Matador!
TORO! TORO!
SNORT
BRAVO!
HURRAH!
OLE!
PUFF
BUENO! BUENO!
PANT
BULL'S EYE!
NTY.8.6.85

BANANA

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

He's hit the TELEGRAPH pole first!

OOF!

KRAK!

Wonder if I should put on an ice cap to keep me head warm?

NUTTY POLE

Waste of time, Mr B.—you've nothing inside your head!

WHOOSH!

SOON—

ARCTIC WAIST

Must cast an eagle's eye over the arctic wastes.

Okay, Eagle! What do you see down there?

GASP! Snow, ice! GASP! More snow, more ice . . .

. . . and a huge hairy thing!

ULP!

A h-huge h-hairy th-thing?

It is huge! It is hairy! And it's a thing!

I think it's a Bigfoot!

Excuse me, sir! You wouldn't happen to be the legendary North American Bigfoot?

GURR!

No — BIGNOSE! One of it's cousins!

DOOF!

ATCHOW!

WOW! What a sneeze!

It's got a cold — that's why he's grumpy!

He's using bear cubs as hankies — and there's not many of them in a pack!

Hold on, Crow! I've a snorter of an idea!

SNORT!

No wonder the eskimos left, he ruins igloos just for KICKS!

BACK IN NUTTYTOWN—

PHEW! What a pong!

Fancy dress party is it, Mate? Try the Snobbs next door!

WAFT OF THE WEEK

HEY! He's off with my sock!

Wrong — it's your sock that's OFF! PHEW!

Carrying this sock has got to be the bravest thing I've ever done!

WHEECH!

AND SO—

There, you've to be cruel to be kind!

NTY.8.6.85

Great! I can smell again!

His nose is clear, Mr B.

Now, back to Nuttytown.

Bignose isn't grumpy anymore, you can now return safely to your homes.

YIPPEE! We'll thank you in Eskimo style!

Eskimos rub noses instead of shaking hands.

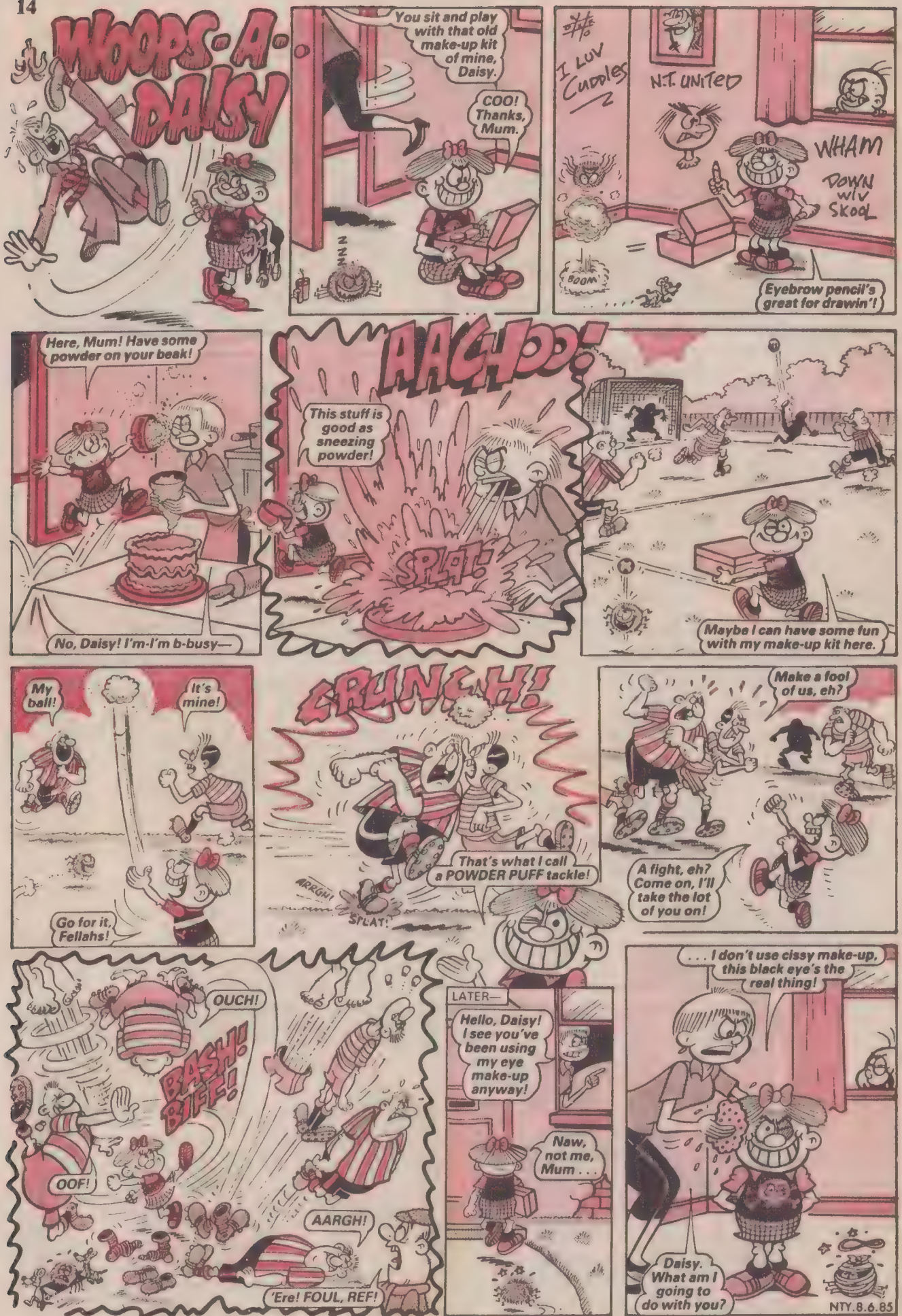
Thank you from the bottom of my nostrils.

1,000 NOSE-RUBS LATER—

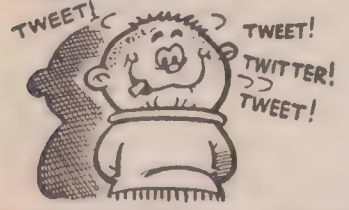
Who do I remind you of?

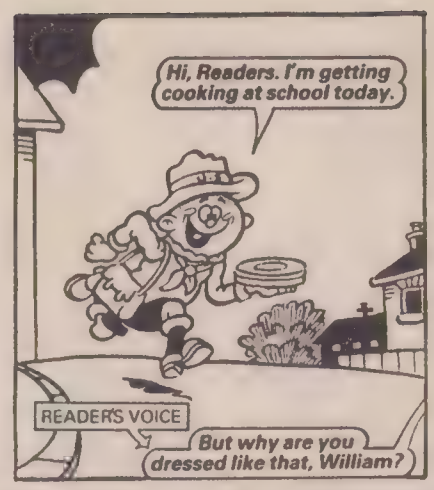
'BYE!

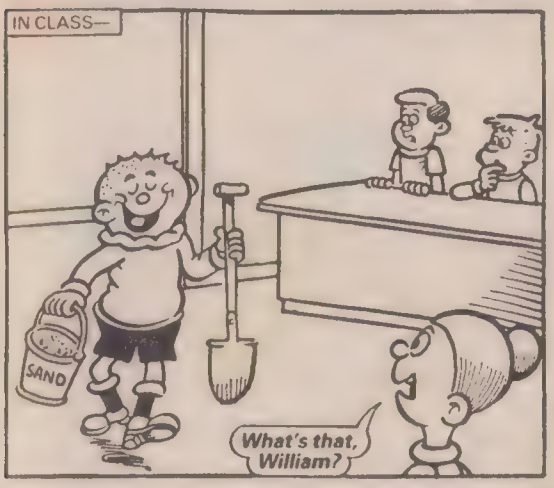
HA! HA! Nutty now has its own BIGNOSE!

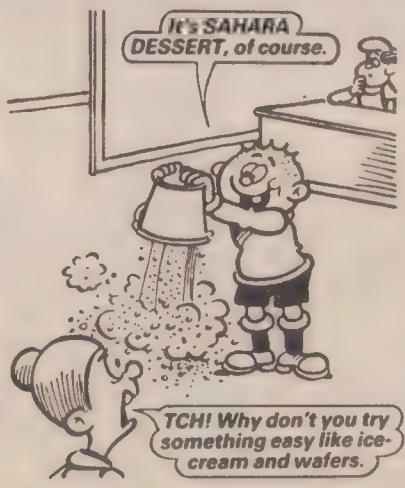

WOOPS-A-DAISY
You sit and play with that old make-up kit of mine, Daisy.
COO! Thanks, Mum.
ZZZ
I LUV Cuddles
N.T. UNITED
WHAM
DOWN w/v SKOOL
BOOM
Eyebrow pencil's great for drawin'!
Here, Mum! Have some powder on your beak!
No, Daisy! I'm-I'm b-busy—
AACHOO!
This stuff is good as sneezing powder!
SPLAT!
Maybe I can have some fun with my make-up kit here.
My ball!
It's mine!
Go for it, Fellahs!
CRUNCH!
That's what I call a POWDER PUFF tackle!
ARRGH!
SPLAT!
Make a fool of us, eh?
A fight, eh? Come on, I'll take the lot of you on!
OUCH!
BASH! BIFF!
OOF!
AARGH!
'Ere! FOUL, REF!
LATER—
Hello, Daisy! I see you've been using my eye make-up anyway!
Naw, not me, Mum . . .
. . . I don't use cissy make-up, this black eye's the real thing!
Daisy. What am I going to do with you?
NTY.8.6.85

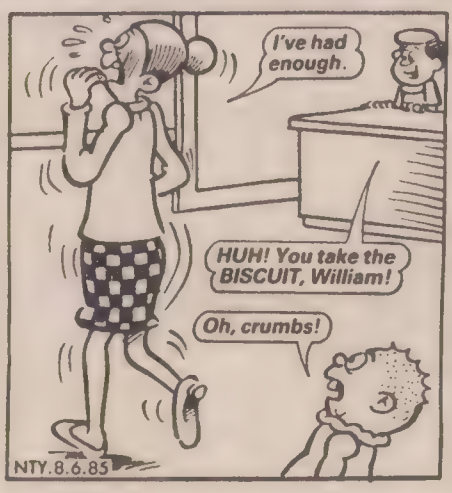
TWEET WILLIAM

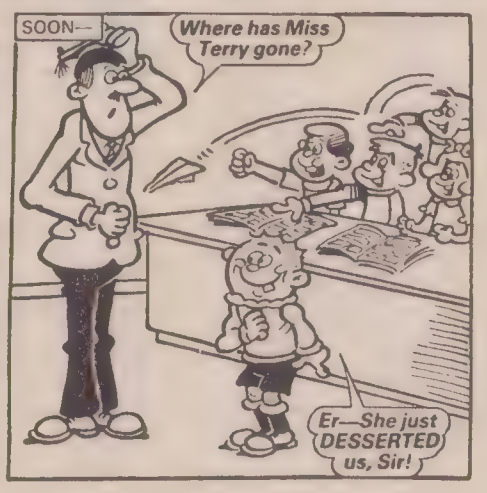






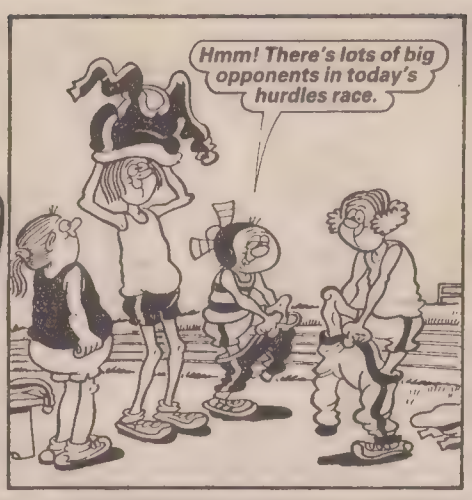


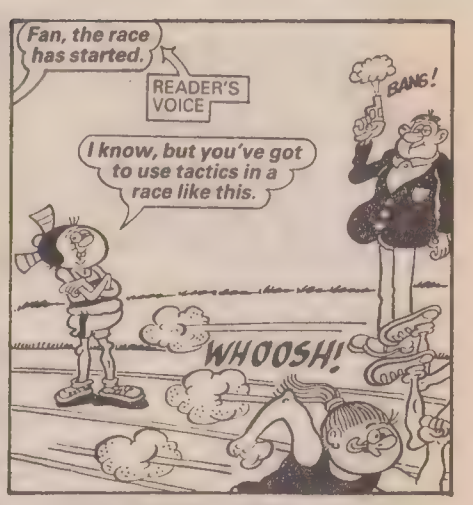


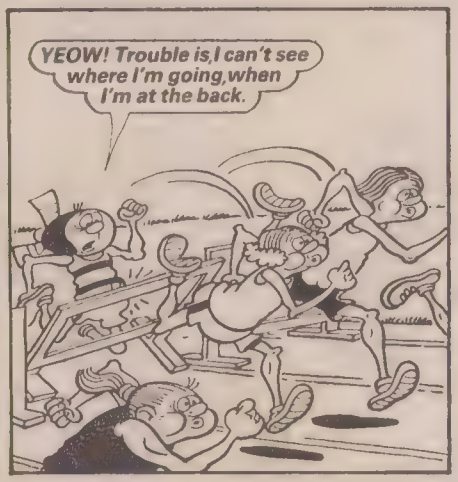


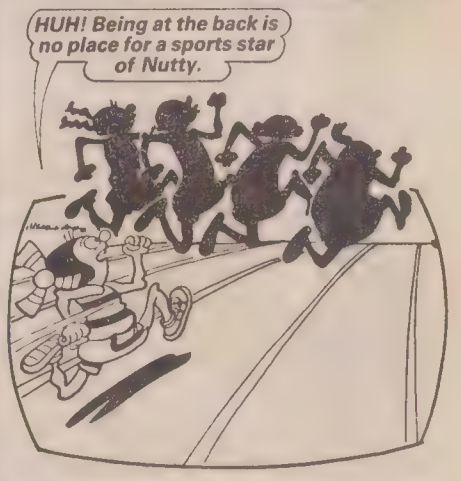
SPORTS FAN

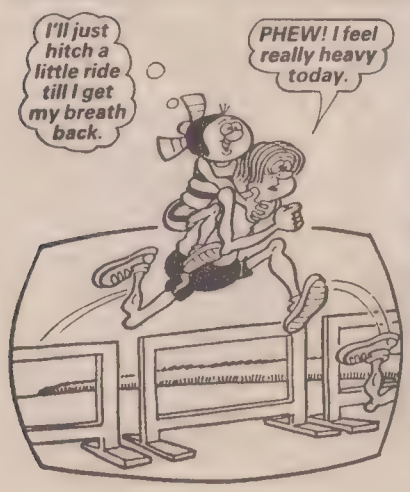
'SME!

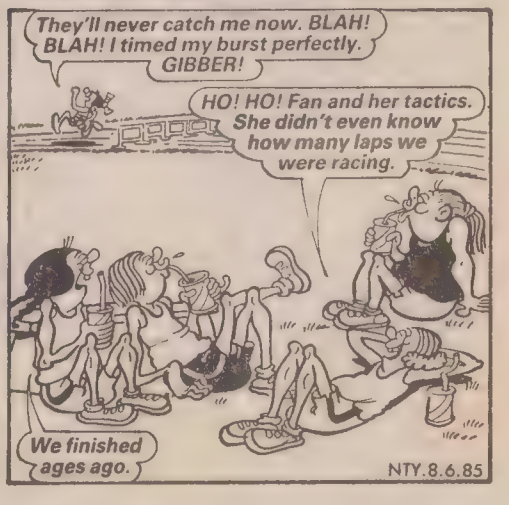








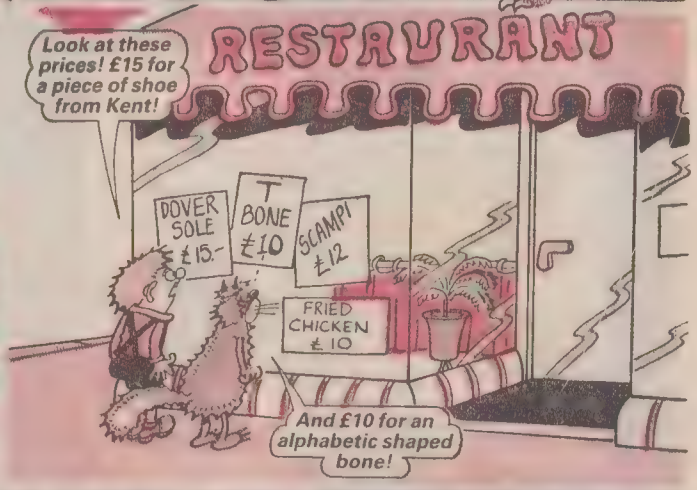



They'll never catch me now. BLAH! BLAH! I timed my burst perfectly. GIBBER!
HO! HO! Fan and her tactics. She didn't even know how many laps we were racing.
We finished ages ago.
NTY.8.6.85

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
AH-HA! You're peeking!
PSST! Anything on escapology?
LIBRARY
Cor! I'd forgotten it was bath night!
Name that tune!
Other way you!
BORED? What,with all this snow lying around?
Hey! You're not scared of a big, old pussy-cat, are you?
B? No! But you're awfully close!
A
M.I.5 CODE ROOM
ENOG OT HCNUL
NTY.8.6.85

NIP and RRIP

Listen, Rrip! I fancy a bit of nosh from a restaurant.
Good idea, Masster!

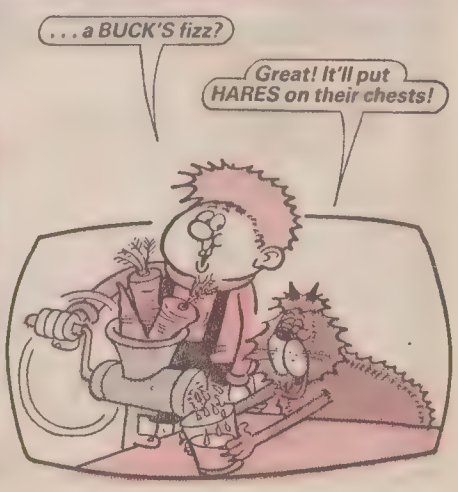

Look at these prices! £15 for a piece of shoe from Kent!
RESTAURANT
DOVER SOLE £15.-
T BONE £10
SCAMPI £12
FRIED CHICKEN £10
And £10 for an alphabetic shaped bone!

It's worse over here!
BONE £10
SCAMPI £12
What!
FRIED

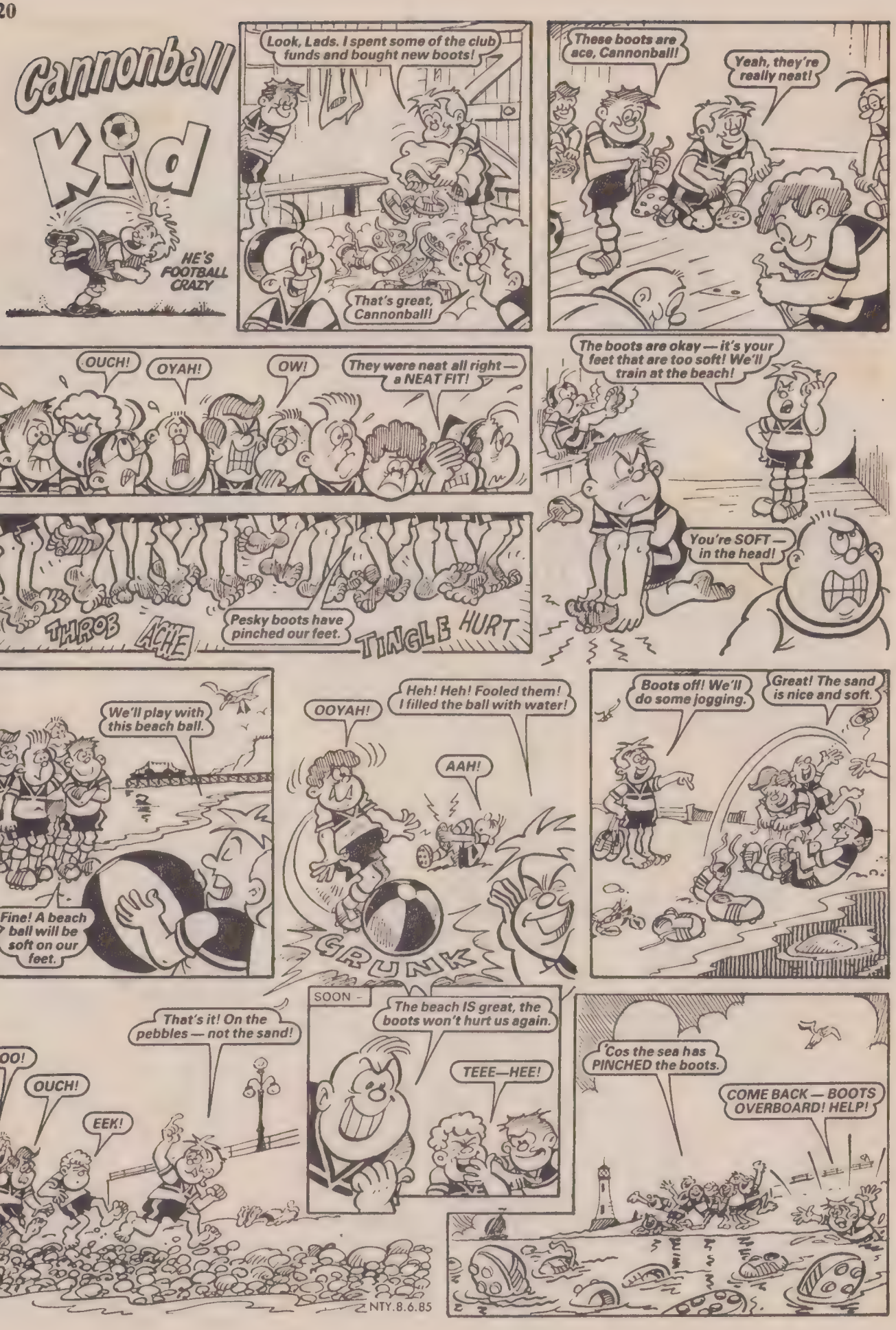
Blimey! Imagine paying these prices.
ORANGE 'N' LIME FIZZ £3.-
BANANA MILK "SHAKE" £4.35
TOMATO "JOOSEY" £3.25
SPICEY-ICEY 'N' COLA £4.-
I'll bet we could make cheaper fizzy drinks than that!

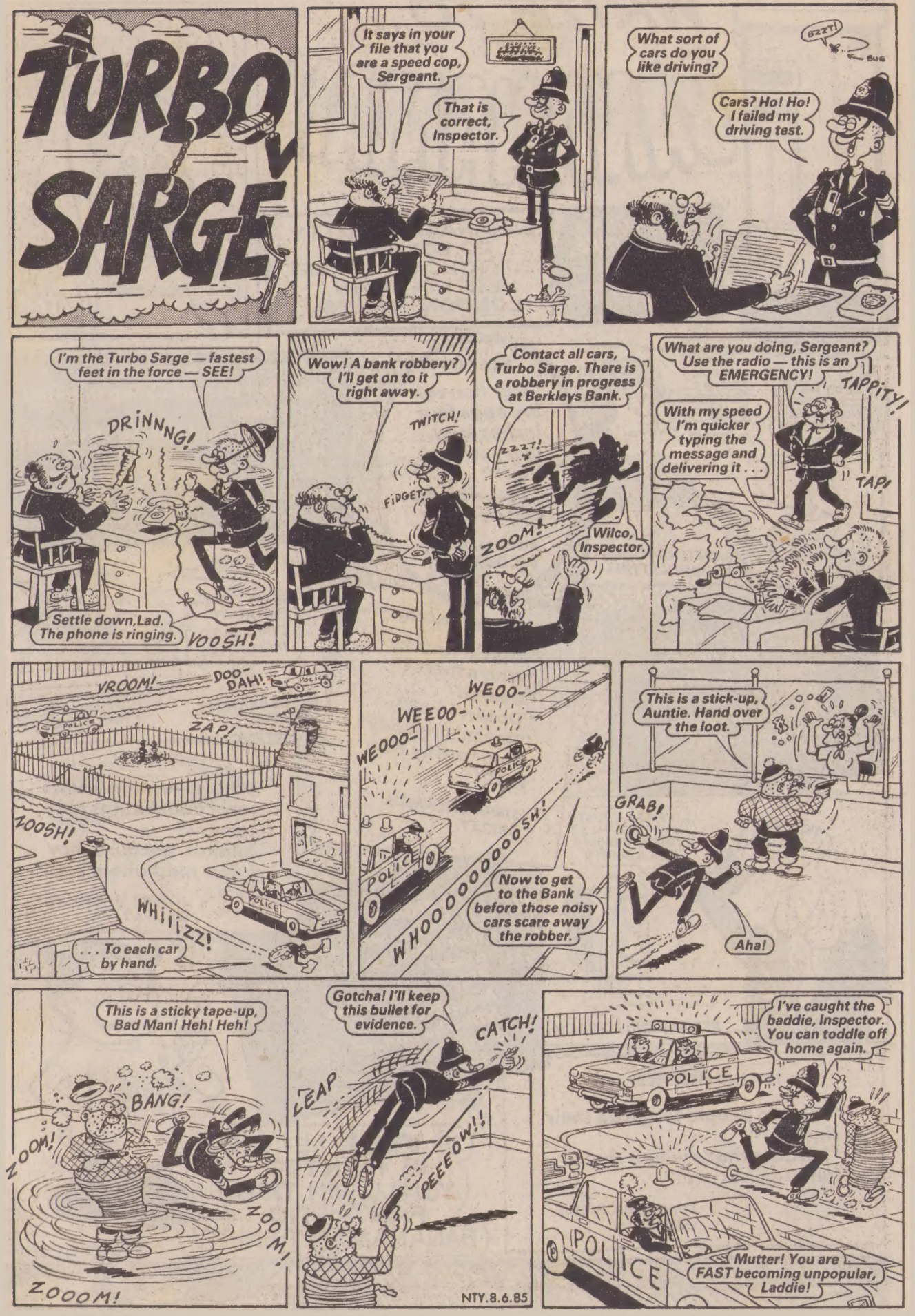
You've given me an idea, Rrip! We're going into the children's fruity drink business!
We'll be rich!

Here's the carrots you asked for, Masster! What's this drink called?
Well, rabbits like carrots . . . how about . . .
NTY.8.6.85


. . . a BUCK'S fizz?
Great! It'll put HARES on their chests!

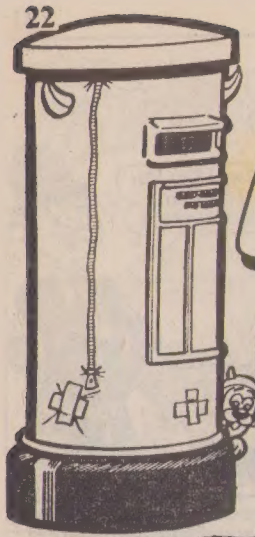
We'll sell ours a lot cheaper than that restaurant!
FAMOUS DRINKS GOING CHEAP
Yeah! Everybody will want ours!
Finished! Now we can open for business!
DATES DOMINO 20P
CUCUMBER COLA 40P
MELONADE 30P
TINY TOT DREAM 50P
'Ere! What's all this?
This one's for you, Spotty Spence!
Why's that, Nip?
DATES DOMINO 20P
Well, a DOMINO has SPOTS— and so have you!
YEUCH! Prunes in milk!
Maybe he'd have liked the double-blank mixture!
Tiny Tot Dream, eh? Well,my dream is to become taller!
Drink this and you will!
TINY TOT DREAM 50P
Any minute, now!
Stand by for lift-off!
SLOOSH!
AARGH!
Great curry sauce that!
WHOOSH!
Well, he's certainly shot up, Masster!
LATER—
A good day — our mixtures went down a treat!
We had the right mixture for success, Masster.
CHINK!
Look at this mess! What have you been up to?
We've been mixing the odd drink or two, Mum!
I've got the right mix to clean this place up — YOU TWO!
If Mum had a drink named after her, what do you think it would be called?
A SLAVEDRIVER!
MOP
SCRUB!
NTY.8.6.85


Cannonball Kid
HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY
Look, Lads. I spent some of the club funds and bought new boots!
That's great, Cannonball!
These boots are ace, Cannonball!
Yeah, they're really neat!
OUCH!
OYAH!
OW!
They were neat all right — a NEAT FIT!
The boots are okay — it's your feet that are too soft! We'll train at the beach!
You're SOFT — in the head!
THROB
ACHE
Pesky boots have pinched our feet.
TINGLE
HURT
We'll play with this beach ball.
Fine! A beach ball will be soft on our feet.
OOYAH!
Heh! Heh! Fooled them! I filled the ball with water!
AAH!
GRUNK
Boots off! We'll do some jogging.
Great! The sand is nice and soft.
SOON -
The beach IS great, the boots won't hurt us again.
TEEE—HEE!
That's it! On the pebbles — not the sand!
OO!
OUCH!
EEK!
'Cos the sea has PINCHED the boots.
COME BACK — BOOTS OVERBOARD! HELP!
NTY.8.6.85


TURBO SARGE
It says in your file that you are a speed cop, Sergeant.
That is correct, Inspector.
What sort of cars do you like driving?
BZZT!
BUG
Cars? Ho! Ho! I failed my driving test.
I'm the Turbo Sarge — fastest feet in the force — SEE!
DRINNNG!
Settle down, Lad. The phone is ringing.
VOOSH!
Wow! A bank robbery? I'll get on to it right away.
TWITCH!
FIDGET!
Contact all cars, Turbo Sarge. There is a robbery in progress at Berkleys Bank.
ZZZT!
ZOOM!
Wilco, Inspector.
What are you doing, Sergeant? Use the radio — this is an EMERGENCY!
TAPPITY!
With my speed I'm quicker typing the message and delivering it . . .
TAP!
VROOM!
DOO-DAH!
POLICE
ZAP!
ZOOSH!
WHiiiZZ!
. . . To each car by hand.
WEEOO-
WEEOO-
WHOOOOOOOOOSH!
Now to get to the Bank before those noisy cars scare away the robber.
This is a stick-up, Auntie. Hand over the loot.
GRAB!
Aha!
This is a sticky tape-up, Bad Man! Heh! Heh!
BANG!
ZOOM!
ZOOM!
ZOOOM!
Gotcha! I'll keep this bullet for evidence.
CATCH!
LEAP
PEEEOW!!
NTY.8.6.85
I've caught the baddie, Inspector. You can toddle off home again.
POLICE
Mutter! You are FAST becoming unpopular, Laddie!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

SARAH RADFORD, BUDCHURST HILL.

BEAT IT!

"Our hen can lay eggs four inches long, can you beat that?"
"Yes, with an egg beater!"

MERVYN BOAL, CO. DONEGAL.

HOUSE-TRAINED HOUND!

"Doctor! Doctor! I keep thinking I'm a dog."
"Lie down and tell me all about it."
"I can't. I'm not allowed on the furniture."

RODNEY KELLY, OBAN.

NOT SO FUNNY!

What has twenty two legs and two wings?
A football team.

DAVID GALLACHER, GLASGOW.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Knock! Knock!"
"Who's there?"
"Dozen."
"Dozen who?"
"Doesn' anybody want to play with me?"

SIBHAN NEWMAN, ARKLEY.

KEVIN BARTLETT, LEICESTER.

SSS-EASY!

Which creature knows most about kings and queens?
Snakes, because they know most about hiss-tory.

JOSEPH MANNION, GALWAY.

REEMA KIRK, LONDON

LIFE AND DEATH!

NIP:-Who went into the lion's den and came out alive?
RRIP:-I don't know, Masster.
NIP:-The lion, of course!

DAVID BULL, CARTERTON.

HA! HA! HEE! HEE!

"Why do people laugh up their sleeves?"
"Because that's where their funny-bones are!"

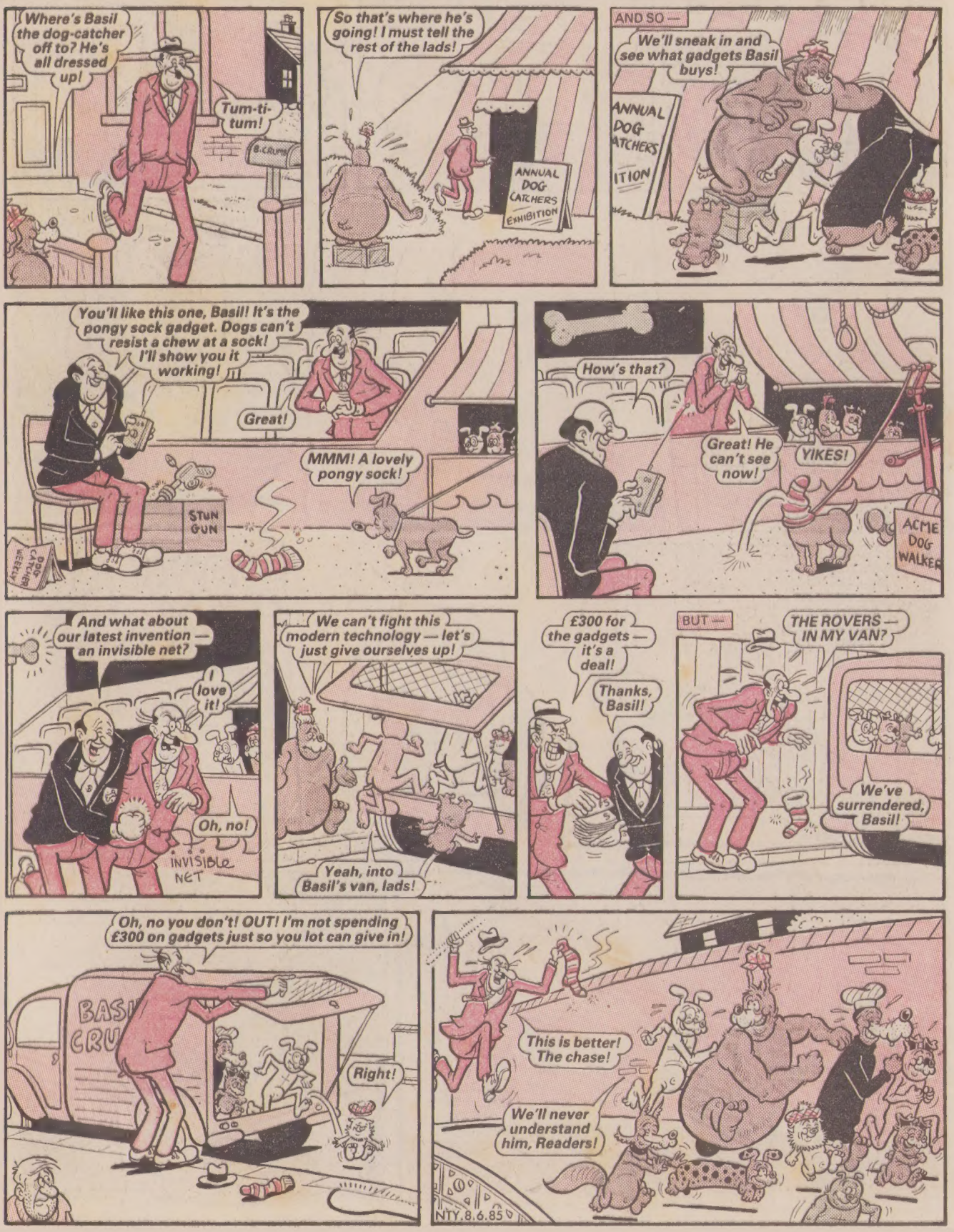
SIMON HUCHISON, ISLINGTON.

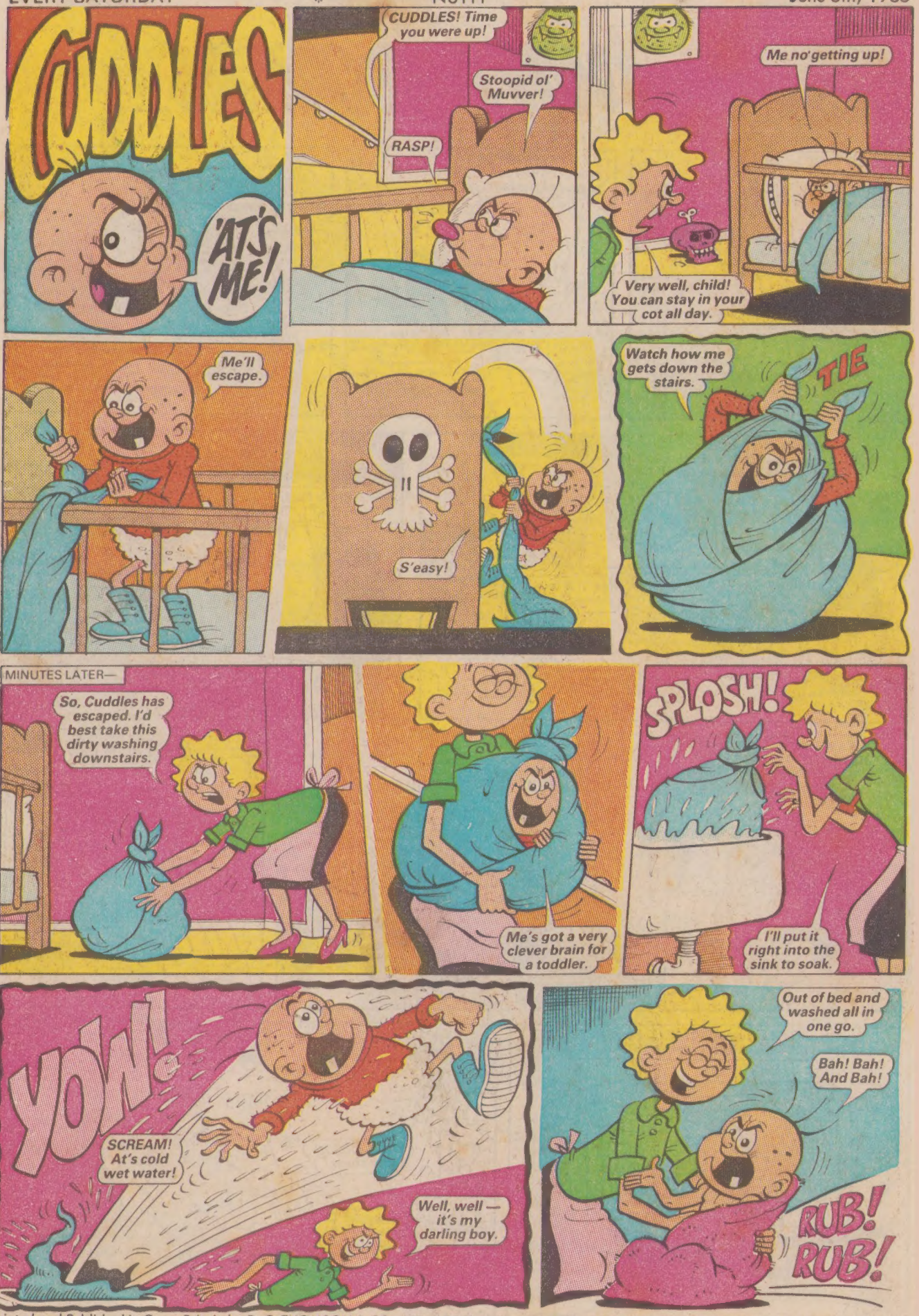
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

NTY.8.6.85

DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


Where's Basil the dog-catcher off to? He's all dressed up!
Tum-ti-tum!
So that's where he's going! I must tell the rest of the lads!
ANNUAL DOG CATCHERS EXHIBITION
AND SO —
We'll sneak in and see what gadgets Basil buys!
ANNUAL DOG-ATCHERS ITION
You'll like this one, Basil! It's the pongy sock gadget. Dogs can't resist a chew at a sock! I'll show you it working!
Great!
MMM! A lovely pongy sock!
STUN GUN
How's that?
Great! He can't see now!
YIKES!
ACME DOG WALKER
And what about our latest invention — an invisible net?
I love it!
Oh, no!
INVISIBLE NET
We can't fight this modern technology — let's just give ourselves up!
Yeah, into Basil's van, lads!
£300 for the gadgets — it's a deal!
Thanks, Basil!
BUT —
THE ROVERS — IN MY VAN?
We've surrendered, Basil!
Oh, no you don't! OUT! I'm not spending £300 on gadgets just so you lot can give in!
Right!
This is better! The chase!
We'll never understand him, Readers!
NTY.8.6.85


CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
CUDDLES! Time you were up!
Stoopid ol' Muvver!
RASP!
Me no'getting up!
Very well, child! You can stay in your cot all day.
Me'll escape.
S'easy!
Watch how me gets down the stairs.
TIE
MINUTES LATER—
So, Cuddles has escaped. I'd best take this dirty washing downstairs.
Me's got a very clever brain for a toddler.
SPLOSH!
I'll put it right into the sink to soak.
YOW!
SCREAM! At's cold wet water!
Well, well — it's my darling boy.
Out of bed and washed all in one go.
Bah! Bah! And Bah!
RUB! RUB!

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